

## **C** An Envoye from Thomas

Smyth vpon thanswer of one. W. G. Lurking in Loxrells Denne/  
fo; feare men shulde hym see.

Whether I trol here, or trol ther, I wyll so trol aboute  
That in my trollynge, I do trust, as you are, to trolle you oute.

**N**owe with no lesse salutacyon, that to such both pertayne  
Unto you I do present, this lytell pooze treatyse  
\* \* \* Wyllynge you to vnderstande, and also to knowe playne  
I haue receyued, your lewde lybell, wherein you enterpryse  
Both me and my doynges, full proude to despyse  
But bable what you lyst, it skyleth not a whyt  
Remember well this worde, here after cometh not yet.

**C**you ruffle, and you ruple, for malice and despyte  
And as a ragynge rustren, your selfe you do shewe playne  
For as moche as you be greued, with that, that I dyd wyte  
Which I wyll neuer deny, but throughlye mayntayne  
Yet (as you wyte) in one poynte, you haue cause to complayne  
For that I spake but of lykelyhod, and wente but by gesse  
Of the treson in your herte, you knowynge there no lesse.

**C**as with the poynte of my penne, I do you so spurte and prycke  
That therby you be greued and greatly styrd to pre  
Yet doubt I not to lyt lure, all though you wynche and kycke  
Fast closed in my dewty, to saue me from the myre  
But in your flynges take hede, beware I save the fyre  
Or some other gallope, take thys prouerbe for a token  
The pot so often goeth forth, at last it cometh home broken.

**C**you are angry that I my selfe, so openly declare  
My name playnly dyscrybyng, and of my seruyce the pyth  
All honest men thynk, I shulde no lesse, wherfore I ne care  
Though mad malice moue you, to be despyted therwith  
Hit haue plesed you, to compare, the cobbler with the smyth  
Your proude skorne wherin, is easye ynough to be founde  
Yet better is a cobbler than an ydell vagabonde.

**I**n openynge my name and seruyce, this was myne entente  
In case that for my doynges, I were thought worthy blame  
Any other person gyltes, therfore shuld not be shente  
Consydred as is well knowne, many be of my name  
Myne offyce therfore I added, and thought therein no shame  
Nether braggyng, nor boastynge, as to my charge you laye  
Who is naught hym selfe, so iudgeth in others alwaye.

**A** true man shameth neuer, to shewe his name and face  
And these hym selfe mystrusteth and is euer more in doubt  
Lest that his lewde lyuyng, shulde present it selfe in place  
As commonly it is sene, at length trouth is tryed oute  
So in lyke wyse you, do seke all corners round a bout  
But it wold not helpe you, though a while there be delaye  
Tyme shall trye your colour, be it russet, blacke, or graye.

**O**f rumblynge in scripatures, you do me moch reproue  
Well yf your wyttes do serue you, my doynges to amende  
Come forth and shew your face, as to honestye both behoue  
And lay vnto my charge, what you can rephende  
Nay, nay, I am sure, you do it lest intende  
In raylynge is your russe, in your spelunke tohan ye spt  
But remember well this worde, here after cometh not yet.

**I** full wylly you counsell me / to some taylour to reforte  
For happyng out of lcripture / my terre the better to frame  
You can not hyde your secte / nor yet your brotherly sorte  
(A Clergy for the deuyl) you shewe your selfe the same  
As Taylours / Cobblers / and Tylers / doctors of woorthy fame  
Magaboudes / Ruffians / and others / amongs whom you ryng your bell  
And euen lyke as you be / so let you forth your counsell.

**B**lusterynge in your boldnes / you wolde your selfe a traytour proue  
Upon the only pretens of my most desyred fall  
The mayntenance of popery / you say I do most loue  
Whiche if you knowe trewe / than a traytour I maye you call  
For such your concelement / but I woll dyue you to the tryall  
Both our doynges shall appere / though deferred for a space  
I am no. W. G. I dare well shewe my face

**T**he rest of your raylynges / I woll as nowe ompte  
Upon such purpose penyfull. my tyme I woll not spende  
They do naught / but declare the lewde vse of your wyte  
And what malice of herte towarde other you pretende  
You haue no nother buckler / wherwith your selfe to defende  
Who rebuketh your secte / or wolde refoume your heresye  
Amonge you itrappe he is a mayntaynour of popery.

**T**hus though you wolde hyde your selfe / yet men may easely knowe  
What fayned hertes you do beate to God and our good kynge  
His grace hath ordeyned lawes / whiche cleane to ouerthrowe  
What trauayll is dayly taken / to euident is the thyng  
We shulde beware your secte. for surely you wolde fayne byng  
Some other to rayne ouer vs / if you wylle / by what myfte  
Example we haue / herof / Reade of kynge Henry the fyfte

**T**here maye we playnly fynde / what a detestable sorte  
Of false fayned hertes / agayn theyr kynge dyd ryle,  
Mynnyng to chose another kynge / that wolde theym supporte  
In theyr naughtye errours and mayntaynaunce of heresy  
But god (who of his grace) euer prouydeth for his  
Gaue such knowledge therof / that they had not theyr entente  
Some fled / some taken / some were hanged on the gallows and byente.

**W**hiche thyng I do desyre / all true subiectes to regarde  
And to god and our good kynge / to beate a due obedience  
And to all false fayned hertes / I wylle the same rewarde  
Euen lyke as thothers had / worthely / for theyr offence  
And no we sct. W. G. marke well this sentence  
Conlyder that as you be / so haue you bled your wyte  
Remember well this worde / here after cometh not yet.

**P**eraduenture sct. W. G. you wylle yet bragge and boiste  
Saying from the scripturs you haue dyuen me cleane a waye  
Trye me therin whan you dare / you shall come to your coste  
Though for cause consyderable / a while I do lytell saye  
I thinke to ryde you with a byt / shall dyue you from your playe  
And cause you holde downe your hed / that fayne you wolde bere a loft  
And I woll so framell your heles / youre pace shall be moze softe.

**N**owe for an ende (Eternall God) I beseeche the graunt longe lyfe  
With prosperous continuance to Henry our most noble kynge  
And to Katheryne our Quene also / his most laifull wyfe  
And graunte betwixt them bothe lyke other braynches to sprynge  
(As is Edward our Prynce that most odoriferous thyng)  
Preserue them longe to gither / and graunt them all the blyss  
Where angels incessantly syng. Gloria in excelsis Amen.

**G**od saue the kynge.

**W**hether I trolle here / or trolle there / I wylle so trolle aboute  
That in my trollynge I do trulle / as you are / to trolle you oute  
By the selfe same person / who not withstandynge your despyte  
Shameth not / nor shrynketh not playnly him selfe to wyte  
Thou is South / couant to the kynges Royall Matrisye  
And Clerke of the Quenes graces counsell / though most humble

**W. G.**